

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Mama's Just A Little Girl"

(feat. Kimma Hill)

Young mothers (that's right)  
I feel ya (hey)  
I know how it is  
Mama's just a little girl (just a little girl)  
Don't nobody understand  
I feel ya

[2Pac:]

She was born a heavy set girl with pigtails and curls  
A heart full of gold, still it won't change the world  
Though she could never understand why  
Some underhanded plans witnessed a man die  
Was only fifteen, should have been a beauty queen, still  
See her cryin' by the caskets when her parents got killed  
Little girl don't cry, cuz even though they died  
You can best believe they're watchin' over thee from the sky  
Never asked for this misery, but look at what you're gettin'  
It's a blessin' in disguise when you find out you're pregnant  
No money, no home, and even though you're all alone  
You gots to do this on your own, so baby gone  
I wish you luck and if you need me, call  
Just come to me and let me feed you all  
I can understand the way it feels when you're fightin' the world  
Facin' all this drama when Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]

Mama don't know why  
Mama's just a little girl  
Livin' if she is or not  
Time ain't on her side  
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]

At sixteen

What a beautiful thing, the very essence of a jet-black ebony queen  
And who could tell she'd get pregnant at an early age? (what?!)  
She didn't listen, had sex, watch her belly raise (hey)  
Got violated by someone she dated  
If this is fate, I'd hate to see the seeds she created, and so we waited  
Though it takes time to build a body and a mind  
She reclines nine months then finally it's time  
What do we find? Little growin' boy of mine  
With a tortured soul, addicted to a life of crime  
Had no time for the growin' stage  
He learned his values on the streets at an early age  
Watch for police, don't come home (why?)  
Cuz Mama's actin' crazy at the hospit-al  
'Bout to have another baby

Like a rose from the concrete, growin' within  
Blessed with twins how the hell can Mama raise three men?  
So we began, closest family, such insanity  
A happy home, from one act of inhumanity  
Plus Mama said the seed was corrupted  
Used to rub Her belly, beggin' us to breathe and she'd loved us  
Now, Mama, sits quiet, sippin' peppermint Schnapps  
Turned the house into a spot and made her watch for cops (hey)  
How could Mama bring a thug like me in this world?  
She ain't the cause of all the drama  
Cause Mama's just a little girl

*[Kimma Hill:]*

Mama don't know why (stupid motherfuckers don't know)  
Mama's just a little girl  
Livin' if she is or not  
Time ain't on her side  
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
She gotta hold her head up high  
(How could she raise us)

*[2Pac:]*

Now, will she remain in the same spot?  
The gunshots rang, they came from the 'caine spot  
Now, look here, I see her clutchin' her son in her arms, she's hurt  
Her heart bleeds, now she watched her seed die in the dirt  
Fulfilled prophecy  
But who could stop the grief I walk around, tryin' to hold the world, up on top of me  
I'd probably be an innocent man, still I'm the victim of a curse  
What could be worse? Nothing but pain, since my birth  
Only functions at the Pen', cuz everybody's in  
Payin' back society, I'm guilty of a life of sin  
I watch the drama occur, my eyes blur before I jetted  
I wonder why we all have to die 'fore we get it  
Though we shed tears, so many peers I've done buried  
Worried and scared, knowin' I'ma see the cemetery  
Must be prepared, in this cold world, no one cares  
No! It ain't fair, but we all bear and do our share  
In this land of the underhanded schemes and plans  
Vivid dreams of a nigga havin' G's in hand  
Mama told me not to be a punk  
Fuck what you talkin' about, coward, what you niggas want? (hey)  
There ain't a thing I wouldn't do for my Mama in this world  
Cause you know I ain't mad at cha, you're just a little girl (Heyheyy)  
Hell naw, (that's right) see mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)

*[Kimma Hill:]*

Mama don't know why  
Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
Livin' if she is or not  
(y'all ain't facin' all this drama cause mama just a little girl)  
Time ain't on her side  
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
She gotta hold her head up high

*[2Pac:]*

They ask us why we mutilate each other like we do  
And wonder why we hold such little worth for human life (Facin' all this drama, when mama's just a little girl)  
To ask us why we turn from bad to worse, is to ignore from which we came (Mama's just a little girl)  
You see, you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete had  
Damaged petals  
On the contrary, we would all celebrate its tenacity  
We would all love its will to reach the sun  
Well, we are the roses (we are the roses)  
This is the concrete (this is the concrete)  
And these are my damaged petals (these are my damaged petals)  
Don't ask me why (don't ask why)  
Thank God, nigga (thank god)  
Ask me how (Ahahaha)  
You see, mama's just a little girl  
Mama (hey)...  
Mama...

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.